

Children's Department.

"RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF."

Our dear little lass got ready for school
In her just-finished gown so new;
It had puffed up sleeves, and a ruffled skirt,
And its colors were white and blue.
With a happy look on her fair, young face,
And humming the chickadee song,
She threw back kisses for mother to catch;
And went skipping, hopping along.
With sorrowful face, and eyes full of tears,
At luncheon time homeward she ran,
And sobbed out, "O, mamma, please take
off this gown
As quick as you possibly can!"
"Why, what is the matter, dear child?" she
asked;
"Has it come already to grief?"
"The buttons! the buttons! the school girls
say
They count up I'll marry a thief!
"It is 'rich man, poor man, begger man,
thief,'
You didn't put on but just four;
I want to be rich, but I can't unless
You'll put on one button more—
"Then it's 'rich man' again; don't you see,
mamma?
And when it all happens for true,
I'll buy the loveliest things in the stores,
And have them sent home here to you."
How foolish it seemed; and yet dear mamma
Sat down with her needle and thread
And put one more button on to the gown,
Just because of what those girls said.

—Susan Teall Perry,

ASHLAND, OHIO.

DEAR EDITOR:—It has been a long time since I wrote for the paper. I have not written since Harrison is editor. I will perhaps do better in the future. I am eleven years old, and go to school every day. I have fine times skating. Since papa died my mamma and I live at Grandpa Horn's. My grandma and grandpa belong to the Lutheran church. I attend Sunday school there, because there is no Brethren church near us. We had a nice treat at our Sunday school Christmas. A man by the name of Jones, of Chicago, came to Rowsburg, a little town near here, and held a revival of three weeks, and had over seventy conversions. There was quite an excitement over the meeting. I would like to see letters in the EVANGELIST from my

little friends of Pleasant Hill, Ohio, and also of Gretna, Ohio.

RALPH KILHEFNER.

We are glad to have you write to us, and we hope we may see you at our services in the college every Sunday at 11: A. M. As earnestly as your father worked to build up the church we know that he must have wished that his children would take up the work as soon as their hands should be strong enough.

ROANN, IND.

This is my first letter for the paper. I am almost ten years old. I have been sick and could not go to school for three weeks. I like my teacher, Nora Richardson. I am sorry to hear of your boy's sickness. Papa and mamma saw him at the Warsaw Conference, and told me about him. Papa and mamma are members of the Brethren church at Roann. We live three miles in the country. Brother Ditch, our pastor, is a splendid preacher. He is holding a protracted meeting now. There have been thirteen conversions. One was my brother, Harvey. We were all rejoiced when we saw him coming out on the Lord's side. I fear the snow will keep us from church to-night. My papa was sick, and is not strong enough to go out in bad weather.

EARL ABSHIRE.

A neatly written letter, Earl, but like a good many others, you did not date it. Write again. It takes experience to make a good workman.

WARSAW, IND. Feb 14, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I saw a good many letters in the EVANGELIST, and I will make the number one higher. I like to read the little folks' letters.

We are having protracted meeting at Warsaw. Brother Haskins is the minister. He is a very good preacher. We have eight converts. I belong to the Brethren church. We have Sunday school every Sabbath, and prayer meeting every Thursday night. I am fourteen years old. I have a brother and two sisters older than myself. It is snowing tonight. We have sledding. We have four miles to go to church. We have been holding meeting about a week. We missed three nights.

Well I haven't written for over a

year, and I have almost forgotten how to write a letter. I will try and write more the next time.

JOHN J. SCHROCK.

We are glad to get acquainted with you, John. Four miles and a half is now considered a long distance to go to church; but those who go the farthest are generally the most punctual, and enjoy the services best. You ought to write more—at least enough not to forget what you have already learned.

AKRON IND., Feb. 19, 1894.

DEAR EVANGELIST:—I like to read and hear old Bible stories, so I will tell what I know about the story of Joseph. Jacob had twelve sons; but he had one he liked better than the rest. His name was Joseph. Jacob made him a coat of many colors. Joseph's brethren were feeding the flock. Jacob told Joseph to go and see how his brethren and flock were. When they saw him coming, some wanted to kill him but one said put him in a pit. They saw some Ishmaelites coming so they sold him to them, and the Ishmaelites took him to Egypt.

To be continued next month.

DESSA SAYGER.

We think your idea to write something which you learned from the Bible is much better than to take up the space telling what you study in school. There are not very many children or big people who care to know what each little one studies at school. Some news or history is more desirable.

LANARK, ILL. Feb. 17, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am in town at my grandpa's for a few days, and Aunt Emma wants me to write a letter for the EVANGELIST. I am so glad we are to have a page for our own. Now children let us keep it full. Bro. Livengood, is holding meetings every evening. There were two baptized this afternoon. One was a young girl, the other an old lady. I am sorry Homer is sick. I hope he will soon be well again. How many verses in the Bible?

IVA JUNE LICHTY.

A very good letter, Iva. Tell Aunt Emma the sisters would like to see a letter from her in the EVANGELIST.